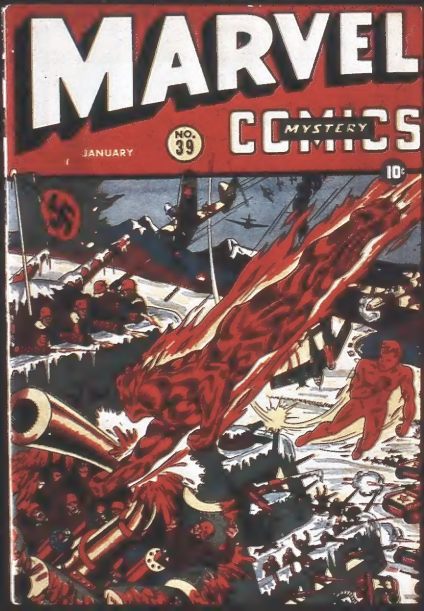
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 39

JANUARY

10¢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HUMAN TORCH
A WEB OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE IS SPUN ABOUT A STRING OF PEARLS—PRICELESS JEWELS OF DEATH! PLUNGING FEARLESSLY INTO THE JAWS OF PERIL, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TOBO ARE ENMESHED WITH THE

COMIC ART COLLECTION

THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE AN URGENT LETTER FROM DR. HORTON. TORCH'S CREATOR...
DR. HORTON WANTS ME TO MEET HIS NIECE, DORIS, AT THE PIER—SHE JUST CAME OFF THE REFUGEE SHIP DROTTNINGHAM WHICH ARRIVED FROM SWEDEN.
SO THE GREAT BIG TORCH HAS BEEN APPOINTED CHAPERONE!
IT'S NO JOKE, TORO! HE SAYS TO GUARD HER CAREFULLY!
HM—WONDER WHAT'S UP!
TORCH LEAVES...
I DON'T KNOW—BUT SHE'LL BE WITH VANCE COBURN, THE ATTACHE FROM THE BRITISH EMBASSY—I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF HIM!
WELL, DON'T FALL FOR HER! BE SEEING YOU!
AT THE PIER
HMM! THIS IS A PHOTO OF HER, DR. HORTON SENT ME. LOVELY GIRL!
THERE SHE IS—WOW! THAT'S SOME STRING OF PEARLS AROUND HER NECK!
WHERE'S TORCH? HE'S SUPPOSED TO MEET US HERE!
SWEDISH!
OHOH! HERE COMING THIS WAY!
HELLO, TORCH! MEET MR. COBURN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. COBURN?
HAVE A CAR WAITING!
YOUR UNCLE SEEMS VERY ANXIOUS FOR YOUR SAFETY—WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
OH, UNCLE IS ALWAYS THAT WAY!
SUDDENLY—FROM THE INNER RECESS OF THE CAR, A GUN MACHINE GUN ROARS OUT WITH A DEADLY BURSTTTLE!
WATCH OUT!!
OH-HH!
FALL DOWN!

THE CAR ROARS TO LIFE AND DARTS AWAY!
DOWN! MISS HORTON!
DI-NG!
WHIZZ!!!!
THE TORCH FLAMES!
DIRTY BUTCHERS!
LOST IT!! THOSE CARS ALL LOOK ALIKE - BETTER GET BACK TO THE GIRL! SHE WAS BADLY HIT!
IS SHE -- ?
YES! SHE DIED INSTANTLY! POOR GIRL!
TORCH REGARDS HIS FLAME - THEN HE MAKES A DISCOVERY!
THOSE PEARLS THAT WERE AROUND HER NECK! THEY'RE GONE!
YES, I NOTICED THAT, TOO!
MINUTES LATER, TORO ARRIVES...
HEY, TORCH! DR. HORTON IS OVER AT THE HOUSE WITH HIS NIECE! HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
WASN'T SHE'S JUST BEEN KILLED?
YOU MEAN SHE'S HERE? THIS UNDERTHAT SHE CAN'T BE! I JUST LEFT HER AT THE CLUB-HOUSE!
THING IS GETTING ALL BALLED UP! I'LL CALL THE WORLD-THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
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SOME HORRIBLE HASSLE ARRIVES...
ALL RIGHT, KID! LET'S SEE IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE--
NO -- I'M SERIOUS, TORCH!
LATER -- AT TORCH'S HOME...
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU, TORCH!
SEE YOURSELF, HERE! YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!
I AM. SURPRISED! YOU WERE JUST KILLED FIVE MINUTES AGO!
HOW RIDICULOUS! THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME ALL THE WHILE!
YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE!
IMPOSSIBLE -- YOU'RE THE SAME, EVEN TO THAT STRING OF PEARLS -- MACHINE-GUNNED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! COBURN KNEW IT, TOO!
FIDDLESTICKS! LET'S HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!
FORGET THE WHOLE MATTER, TORCH! I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY MY NIECE TO WASHINGTON ON THE TRAIN -- MR. COBURN AND I WILL FOLLOW LATER BY PLANE --
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
"TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, TORCH!"
I WILL!
GOODBYE, UNCLE!
SEE! NO GOODBYE KISSES!

THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH A TUNNEL --- IT STARTS TO CROSS A BRIDGE, BUT ---
OH-HHH!
HELP!
BARELY CONSCIOUS, TORCH, IN THE MIDST OF THE WRECKAGE, HEARS A CRY ---
HELP!
SHE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!
TORCH BURSTS INTO FLAME!
THAT WRECK MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNED!
THEY DERAILED THE TRAIN ON PURPOSE! THEY WANT DORIS--OR THAT PEARL NECKLACE! HMM! --HITTING FOR THAT FARM!

TAKING HER INSIDE -- I'D BETTER NOT ATTACK THEM NOW -- MIGHT ENDANGER HER LIFE! DR. HORTON OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!
TORCH SPEEDS TO THE NEAREST TOWN...
YES, DR. HORTON-- THERE WAS A TRAIN WRECK-- GIRLS WAS ABDUCTED BY SOME MEN -- GOT HER AT THEIR HIDE-OUT! I WANT YOU AND TORCH TO COME AT ONCE!
DID THEY GET THE PEARLS?
PEARLS? I DON'T KNOW -- IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE AFTER?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN -- WE'LL FLY DOWN AT ONCE WITH WILCOX!!
MUCH LATER ... IN A MOTEL ROOM...
TORCH, YOU MUST GET DORIS AND THE PEARLS AWAY FROM THAT GANG!
I WILL -- I NEED YOUR HELP, TORCH!
THE FLAMING DUO HEAD FOR THE FARM HOUSE AT ONCE...
I'M STILL IN A FOG ON THIS WHOLE THING!
SAME HERE! THIS IS THE FIRST CASE I'M ON AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
THEY COME TO EARTH...
THIS IS IT! THEY MUST BE INSIDE WITH THE GIRL
HEAR THAT? -- CAME FROM THE BASEMENT!
HELP!
THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE HER!
NOT IF WE FLAME AND TORTURE THEM FIRST!
THE PEARLS! WHERE ARE THEY?
I WON'T TELL!
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BET I GET IN FIRST!
YOUR ON!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
ARE YOU PAGING ME, LUG?
MY-MY! LOOKS LIKE I'VE FRIGHTENED THEM!
TRY BLOWING THIS OUT — GRAPE HEAD!
OWW!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, HOT PANTS!
YEOW!
STOP! — OR I'LL BLOW HER BRAINS OUT!
WHAT NOW?
WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!
THAT'S IT, TORCH! SMARTEN UP!
COME ON, TORCH! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, FIREMAN!
THAT'S IT! BEAT IT! QUIETLY!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE DORIS WITH THOSE RATS!
CERTAINLY NOT... REMEMBER THE INDIANS USED FLAMING ARROWS AGAINST THE SETTLERS OF THE WEST?
YEAH-- SO WHAT?
SO WE'LL DO THE SAME TO THESE SKUNKS HERE IN THE EAST... SMOKE 'EM OUT!
THE BARRAGE OF FLAMING ARROWS SETS THE HOUSE ON FIRE!
SHE'S BURNING NOW - SEE THAT ROPE DOWN THERE? DOUSE YOUR HAND FLAME AND GRAB ONE END!
FULL OF PRANKS, AREN'T YOU?
INSIDE...
THE GANG EMERGES USING DORIS AS A SHIELD
TAKE A GUESS, PEST
SUDDENLY TORCH AND TORO ZOOM DOWN ABLAZE
THE ROPE DROPS BEFORE THE MEN... THEN...
UP, TORO!
RIGHT!

THE FLAME MASTERS REVERSE AND SPILL THEIR ICE-LORD!
HAW! WHAT A WAY TO GET A MUD-PACK! EH, BOYS!
DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, THE DUO COME DOWN...
YOU TAKE OVER THOSE MEN AND MARCH THEM INTO TOKYO! I'M TAKING DORIE BACK TO HER UNCLE!
GEE! YOU HAVE ALL THE PLEASURE!! -OH, WELL...
AFTER TORCH LEAVES WITH DORIE...
HAW!- JUST LIKE PIOS-HEY! WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY?
YA, LITTLE BRAT!
CTHEN...
HERE I AM! YOU WATCH-IN' MY SHOE!
MEANWHILE... BACK N' THE HOTEL...
HERE SHE IS, DR. HORTON!
THE PEARLS- DID THEY SEE THEM?
NO, UNCLE!
WHERE ARE THEY?
I MANAGED TO HIDE THEM IN THE HEM OF MY SKIRT!
LET ME HAVE THEM, DEAR!
PEARLS -- SAY, COBURN - WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT?
ANOTHER STRING TAKEN FROM THE DEAD GIRL EH COBURN?
ER-- YES--
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WHAT'S THE GAME? IT WAS YOU WHO BELIEVED THE DEAD GIRL OF THESE PEARLS!
SURE! I HAD TO-- I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE REAL ONES -- EXPLAIN DR. NORTON!
YES, TORCH -- COBURN DID THE WORST THING -- IT WAS HIS DUTY TO PROTECT THE PEARLS, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE NOT THE REAL ONES THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDED!
HOWEVER, SEEING THAT YOU WON'T LET ME IN ON ANYTHING... I WON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS -- HEY! TORCH SHOT'S LATE COMING IN WITH THAT GANG!
MAYBE I SHOULD BETTER GO BACK AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!
TORCH FLAMES AND ROARS OUT THE WINDOW!
SEE YOU LATER!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY COBURN ACTED BACK THERE! HE'LL BEAR A BIT OF WATCHING!
LATER...
FUNNY THE COUNTY FIRE DEPARTMENT HASN'T COME! -- WHAT'S GOING ON?
HOW ISN'T THEY'RE GOING TO BURY TORCH ALIVE IN THAT MUD BANK!
FAST WORK, GOONS!
NOW HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLAME IN THIS MUCK!
TORCH FLAMES DOWN OVER THE UNSUSPECTING MEN AND SENDS FORTH A BLAST OF HOT AIR...
DROP THOSE SHOVELS, YOU GHOULS!
THE BLAST OF HOT AIR REVIVES TORCH AND THE MEN RUN LIKE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS...
WOW! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
EVEN SLEEPY HEAD GET OUT OF THAT MUD AND HELP ME ROUND UP THESE CATTLE!

BUT...
STOP!
LOOKS LIKE THE SHERIFF!
WE CAME TO INVESTIGATE A FIRE AND WE CATCH THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO CHASING A BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS!
JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF! PUT THOSE BUMS IN YOUR CAR -- AND WE'LL TAKE 'EM IN!
AS THEY COME BACK TO TOWN --
HEY! THERE'S A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS AND JACK MILLER AND THE F B I-- AT THE HOTEL-- I WONDER WHAT'S UP, NOW!
HEY, TORCH! BRING THOSE STOOGES OVER HERE!
HERE THEY ARE -- SINCE WHEN HAS THE F.B.I. TAKEN OVER THIS CASE?
THESE BUMMS ARE WANTED ON A FEDERAL WARRANT, DR. HORTON CALLED IN.
LEAVING MILLER, TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE HOTEL...
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IN FLAMING THUNDER THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR I'M NOT THE HUMAN TORCH!
SAY -- THAT NOISE UPSTAIRS!
COBURN -- HE HAS THE OTHER SET OF PEARLS!!
FIRST-- THE GAL DIES -- THEN SHE'S FOUND AND NOW COBURN STEALING PEARLS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING --
WHAT A DIZZY PLOT THIS IS!
THE TORCH!
RIGHT -- THE FIRST GUESS!

The HUMAN TORCH UNLEASHES A FIRE BALL!
DROP THAT GUN!
YEOW!
I'LL KICK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT!
OH, LITTLE MAN, WANTS TO KICK THE GONG EH?
MIND IF I GRAB YOUR LEG?
EEE-YEOWW!
TORCH UNPACKS A WALLOP!
UGHH!
I'LL SAY YOU ARE BURNING UP.
COBURN'S SUICIDE!
I'LL TAKE THESE, COBURN! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A PART OF THE SCHEME TO GET THE PEARLS
THIS PAPER INSIDE THE LARGE PEARL, A PAPER WITH A LIST OF ALL THE SPIES OPERATING IN AMERICA, WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF BERLIN! MY NIECE BROUGHT IT BACK FROM SWEDEN!
BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GIRL?
YES! — LOOK! HIS NAME HEADS THE LIST! WHEW! THE PEARLS OF WISDOM!
UNFORTUNATELY SHE DIED — DOING HER DUTY — AS COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, SHE WAS SUBSTITUTED FOR DORIS — COBURN DIDN'T KNOW THAT!
SO IT WAS COBURN WHO ENGINEERED THE WHOLE PLOT!
WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HUMAN TORCH
IS COOKING UP A NEW ADVENTURE NOW FOR The HUMAN TORCH QUARTERLY
DON'T MISS IT!

SUB MARINER
IN BLACK UNDERGROUND TUNNELS··· ATOP A TALL PARACHUTE JUMP··· DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH··· FROM THE HEIGHTS TO THE VERY DEPTHS—
THE SUB-MARINER
FIGHTS PUNCHES, BLASTS, AND BLITZES IN THE CASE OF THE

IN NONDESCRIPT CLOTHES THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER WALKS IN AN OCEAN-FRONT AMUSEMENT PARK.
CROAKING CROCODILES! THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE AND TOO LITTLE ACTION AROUND THIS PLACE!
SHOOT
WHEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
THE AIR RAID SIREN!
TAKE SHELTER- QUICK!
SIZZLING SNAKES! A BLACKOUT!
TWO MINUTES LATER...
PARACHUTE JUMP-
INVESTIGATE!
FREAK SHOW
PARACHUTE
MEANWHILE IN THE TOWER OF THE "PARACHUTE JUMP" VON GOOBER A DANGEROUS FIFTH COLUMNIST, DIRECTS HIS MEN
JA, VON GOOBER! DESE ARE GOOT BATTERIES!
TEN MINUTES
ATTACK!
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THE SPIES ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE
GOOT! NOW VE CAN GED BACK TO OUR PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER! HA-HA!
HEIL HITLER!
WHEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS
PEPPERY PERCH! I HAD TO CLIMB ALL THE WAY UP HERE TO FIND NAZIS!
DER SUB-MARINER!
YEAH! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT MY FACE BEFORE YOU SEE MY FISTS!
SO YA PUT THOSE LIGHTS ON TO REVEAL THE SHORE LINE TO SCHICKELGRUBER'S PLANES, EH?
IF NAZIS RUB SHOULDERS WHY DON'T THEY RUB NOSES TOO??? !!
I GOTTA DOUSE THOSE LIGHTS FAST!
HIM!
GALLOPING GUPPIES!

JA! JA! DEATH TO DER SUB-MARINER, AT LAST!
DER PLANES WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
TOO DARK!
SWIMMING SHAD! DO THESE LIGHTS MEAN LIGHTS OUT FOR ME???
YOWEEE!
DOWN LIGHTLY NOW!
FAST!
HE SWIFTLY FOLLOWS
INKPOOL!
CROOKED CRAYFISH
WHAT THE DEVILFISH!
ROMANTIC!

PUSH DER LEVER— UND CHOMP ON QVICK!
I WAS PUSHED
GONNA PUSH YOUR FACE IN SHAKE!
THE CARS PICK UP SPEED!
DER SUB-MARINER ALIVE!
YOU WON'T BE IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
SUB-MARINER'S
THEY DISAPPEARED!
SOMEWHERE!
OVER
STINGING STARFISH! ENEMY PLANES!
DROPPING A DEADLY CARGO OF DOOM!
CRASH!
BOOM!

IF THE BOMBERS HAVE
SUBMAR NE!
YOU!
AAAAAH! DER TR-GGER
OOOOF

SENSE SUB-MARINER WHEELS
YI-YI
MY HANDS!
AFTER LOCKING THE HATCH,
CLOSED!
BE BACK!
CREW???

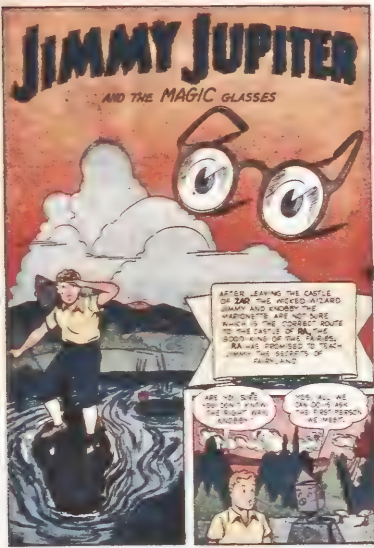
SUB-MARINER
DER SAILOR HASS GONE CRAZY!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE LIGHTS ON THIS SUB WILL ATTRACT AN AMERICAN SHIP IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
SURRENDER!—
WOW! THE SUB-MARINER!
WHY DID THOSE SPIES SIGNAL PLANES TO COME OVER AND BOMB THE VERY PLACE WHERE THEY

SURE FOOTED EVEN IN THE BLACKOUT HE SPEEDS BACK TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK
I GOTTA TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE INTO THAT 'TUNNEL OF LOVE' BEFORE THE 'ALL CLEAR' SOUNDS
THEY WENT DOWN HERE—

OUR OWN HEADS!
NEIN!
CLEVER
WE CAN LEAVE
DER "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL.
BUT JUST THEN
OWWW!
HOW DID HE FIND US???
CRASH!
ME!
YOU SNIVELLING SNEAKS! I'LL SMASH YOU FLAT AS FLOUNDERS!
BRAIN

NOW!
THEN DOWN!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM!
WHAT'S THIS?
ACH! DER WRONG VONE!
SECRET PASSAGE!
BOUNCING BASS!
VOT ???
NO! JUST A FLYING FISH!

I'LL GET YOU TO THAT STEERING WHEEL FASTER!
SPLAT!
NO USE TALKING! I JUST CAN'T RESEARCH HATE!
OOF!
SOON...
ENOUGH! I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!
THAT'S THE FIRST SENSIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID SINCE YOU BECAME A NAZI!
NOW I'M GONNA TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE... OVER TO A CERTAIN COAST GUARD DESTROYER!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
SUB-MARINER'S THAT SUB-MARINER FELLOW AGAIN AND HIS BOY TORPEDO WITH HIM!
HI, CHUMS!
HE'S THE GUY WHO'S GONE STRUNG UP THE LIGHTS THAT BLINDED THE BOMBERS IN THE BLACKOUT!
GREAT WORK! BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS?
SO—THE REST OF THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, MAKING GOO-GOO EYES AT EACH OTHER!
SO— IT'S TOUGH OUT FOR THE MILLIONAIRES!
THERE'S MORE OF THIS KIND OF THING TO DO!
WATCH! Sub Mariner TAKES ANOTHER DIVE AT OUR ENEMIES IN MARVEL COMICS. THE COMIC MAGAZINE BOOK AT 10 CENTS. ON SALE NOW!


JIMMY JUPITER
AND THE MAGIC GLASSES
AFTER LEAVING THE CASTLE OF ZAR THE WICKED WIZARD, JIMMY AND KNOBBY THE MARIONETTE ARE NOT SURE WHICH IS THE CORRECT ROUTE TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE GOOD KING OF THE FAIRIES. RA HAS PROMISED TO TEACH JIMMY THE SECRETS OF FAIRYLAND
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY, KNOBBY?
YES, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ASK THE FIRST PERSON WE MEET.

AH THERE'S SOMEONE WE CAN ASK!
?
WAH
WAH THAT'S ONLY AN OLD TORTOISE... HE WOULDN'T KNOW! AND IF HE DID, HE COULDN'T TALK TO TELL US!
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY- THIS IS FAIRYLAND. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE! C'MON, WE'LL ASK HIM.
O.K.
HELLO TORTOISE! MY NAME IS ANDREW. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE KING
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TORTOISE?
GR-RUM! PFF!
WHAT A RIDICULOUS PLACE TO GO. IT'S HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN AND NOT A NICE, GOOEY RIVER WITHIN MILES. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU SHOULD WANT TO GO THERE.
HOWEVER - IF YOU'RE ABOUT A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY, IN THAT DIRECTION!
GEE WHIZ! A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY, THAT LENGTH OF TIME TO A TORTOISE MIGHT BE ONLY A FEW DAYS TO US.
OH! THAT'S RIGHT!
OH, LOOK! A RIVER! HOW ARE WE GOING TO CROSS THAT?
TEARIN' TERMITES!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU BOYS? HEH-HEH-HEH!
GEE WHIZ! A CROCODILE!
I'LL TAKE YOU BOYS ACROSS THE RIVER, IF YOU LIKE!
SURE! THAT'S GREAT!
I HOPE HE DON'T FALL IN!
HERE WE GO!
THEN- WHEN THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER...
HAH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU OUT HERE, I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!
WAIT, MR. CROC! IF YOU EAT US ALL AT ONCE, YOU'LL GET INDIGESTION. WHY DON'T YOU EAT US A PIECE AT A TIME?
EXCELLENT, MY BOY! YES, AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
QUICKLY TURNING TO KNOBBY, JIMMY HITS HIM UNDERTEN ONE OF HIS WOODEN LEGS-
HERE'S THE FIRST PIECE, MR. CROC. OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
APP
HERE!
GRROW!
NOW YOU OLD CROC! YOU TAKE US ASHORE OR I WON'T TAKE THAT OLD AND YOU'LL STARVE TO DEATH!

SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE, JIMMY AND KNOBBY SET OFF ONCE MORE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE KING'S CASTLE!
COME ON, KNOBBY!
SHUT UP! I SEE THIS IS NOT FRIGHTENED!
BA-BA-RA-CURSES - OH, CURSES! WHY AM I SO DUMB
LOOK! SMOKE!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT IT IS!
OH!
OH!
MEANWHILE, THE FRIENDS SEE THE WITCHES.
WHAT IS IT YOU SEE? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
GIVE US OUR GLASSES SO WE CAN SEE TOO
THE THREE WITCHES PASS THE GLASSES FROM ONE TO THE OTHER
GEE WHIZ! THERE'S ONLY ONE PAIR OF GLASSES AMONG THEM!
AND THEY DON'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT THEM!
COME IN, CHILDREN! WELCOME AND REST AWHILE
WHERE ARE YOU BOUND?
WE'RE GOING TO THE CASTLE OF RA THE KING!
RA? AHA! SO THEN HE IS A FRIEND OF OURS.
GOOD! WE WILL KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL WE SEND TO A DANSON OF TWO MORE PAIR OF GLASSES.
AND THE THREE WITCHES CAST A SPELL ON JIMMY AND KNOBBY - IMPRISONING THEM!

WELL I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULDN'T ALL HAVE GLASSES. IF YOU LET US GO, I WILL ASK **RA** TO SEND THEM TO YOU
OH NO JIMMY THEY'RE EVIL! IF THEY ALL HAD GLASSES THEY WOULD BE VERY POWERFUL AND OVERTHROW **RA**!
WHOEVER GOES TO **RA** WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE GLASSES THEREFORE I WILL GO
WHAT! AND LEAVE ME HERE BLIND? OH NO—I WILL GO!
YOU ARE BOTH WRONG—I WILL GO!
WHY DON'T YOU DRAW STRAWS. SHORT STRAW GOES.
VERY WELL THAT'S FAIR
JIMMY PREPARES THE STRAWS AND...
YOU FIRST MINERVA!
THERE!
NOW GIVE ME THE GLASSES SO I CAN SEE TO DRAW
HERE ARE THE GLASSES, WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE WHERE ARE YOU?
NOW, YOU OLD WITCHES—I HAVE YOUR GLASSES—AND YOU'LL NOT GET THEM BACK

OH, PLEASE, LITTLE BOY, GIVE US OUR GLASSES WITHOUT THEM WE ARE BLIND.
NOT UNTIL YOU REMOVE THE SPELL!
VERY WELL, WE WILL. REMOVE THE SPELL, BUT WE CANNOT DO IT UNTIL YOU GIVE US THE GLASSES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
OH, DO I KNOW YOU? WHERE DID I GIVE YOU THE GLASSES?
WE PROMISE!
DON'T BELIEVE THEM, JIMMY!
HURRY! HURRY!
AHA- I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW I'D THINK OF SOMETHING
IF YOU CAN'T REMOVE THE SPELL WITHOUT THE GLASSES THEN THE POWER MUST BE IN THEM SO I CAN DO SOMETHING TO THEM
CURSES! CURSES!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIMMY!
I DEMAND THAT THE SPELL BE REMOVED!
WELL, IF NOBODY'S AFRAID THE SPELL GOES!

HOORAY! IT WORKED!
YIPPEE!
GOOD! GOOD!
THAT'S TRUE!
GRRR!
HOORAY!
THERE IT IS!
BUT THE TWO FRIENDS ARE NOT THERE YET NEXT MONTH THEY SEE MORE OF THE AMAZING THINGS ... HAS IN STORE FOR ...
IN
MARVEL COMICS

JANE HAD TO GET ROUGH

By Faith Moorland

IT WAS SURE DEATH to all of them if the baby cried aloud. "Keep that kid quiet," said Peters in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," replied his wife, trying to hush the little one that was sobbing and moaning in her lap. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro.

"Mary," said Jane Peters to the young girl crouching beside her in the freight, "take the bottle and hold it between you and a crack and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon."

Mary took the bottle and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of paregoric into the spoon and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That meant 20 drops; it was dangerous, but it had to be done.

"I suppose we mustn't strike a light," said the girl.

Fred Peters snorted. "You bet you can't strike a light; unless you're ready to give up your scalp," he replied without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping for the first signs of the murdering Sioux. A Pawnee scout had warned the express company executive that the Sioux were on the loose and there had been just time enough to crawl into a freight car drawn up on a siding above the railroad station.

The station agent, Joe Regan, was still on the job, refusing to leave his post. Fred Peters knew his pal was sitting there just a few yards away in the little room that served as ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping compartment. It was hard to keep quiet there in the car while Joe faced the Sioux alone but there was his wife and baby and his wife's friend, that helpless school teacher from Boston, who had been boarding with them and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Regan had understood this and told him to go.

"I'll hold them off as long as I can," he had said, "and help may get through from Ogallala." He had already wired for help, but Ogallala was seventy-five miles away.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed the car could hardly hold the rail. It was just a common red stock car with a few armfuls of straw on the floor, re-routed from the main line just a few days before.

Occasionally, Peters turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung like a thousand hornets as it struck their skin. Jane Peters had seen three winters in Wyoming, but the school teacher was, in every sense, a tenderfoot and the experiences of the night had brought her to the verge of insanity.

"HERE THEY ARE," whispered Peters. The women put their eyes to a crack and when a flash came they could see a ring of feathered heads that formed a half-circle around his house. Half the band dismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken down and the red devils swarmed in.

One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace making a torch which they used to hunt for the occupants. The little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room. Finding the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians set fire to Peters' home and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station which stood less than a hundred yards away.

Joe Regan was waiting for them and as the Indians approached he opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous gang leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat upon it with tomahawks, clubs and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of 45 caliber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door. No less than half-a-dozen hair lifters sank to the ground, causing the besiegers to fall back. From a distance they began to pour lead into the building but Regan, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire.

Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or edible freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars and Fred Peters gritted his teeth in pain as the rifle crashed in a rib.

Laying hold of the side of the car door and now as it opened, he

thrust his hideous face inside. Peters could have known all of her husband, but he knew that no fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, appear when he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed and the baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had entered upon an final rest.

The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station where the agent, having recovered his senses, kept the gang stopping and dancing on the station platform.

THE OLD SIOUX at the car door could see his head and hatred. Perhaps he thought he heard someone breathing for he put his hands on the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Peters rifle fell across his shoulder, and he dropped without a sound. The young Boston school teacher opened her mouth to scream and Jane Peters landed a swift right to the jaw. The teacher flopped over beside the Indian.

The Sioux never moved a finger. Quick examination showed Peters his neck was broken and removing the warrior's gun and ammunition, he covered the dead body with straw.

Every attempt to fire the station having failed, the Indians were now preparing to storm the fort. Peter groaned for he knew Joe Regan was doomed, then suddenly he felt the car vibrate as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station and that they would set fire to the straw and then there would be no possible escape. Jane Peters thought so too, for she looked at her husband.

"You'll give us the lead before they get through?"

"Yep," he said and swallowed hard.

"And save a bullet for yourself," she added.

He nodded, and daring to trust himself to speak. Then there was a roar and an instant later a great dark object blew in sight and rolled past their car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and running without a headlight. As it got abreast of the station the box cars opened up and out spilled a company of government scouts and Pawnees except the officers. What followed was short and decisive and the Sioux fled leaving more than half their number on the station platform.

The conductor had ridden all the way on the locomotive and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage had been. The sight of the house in ashes made him sick at heart, but there was still hope, they might have escaped in the station and facing about he fought his way through the dust riddled door. Joe Regan lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was living.

"Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"Among the stock cars if they are still alive," was the faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house . . . go get them . . . I'm all right," and the conductor placing the wounded man on the bed, made for the stock cars.

"Peters, where are you?" he called and Peters answered, only two cars away. The conductor lighted his lantern and climbed aboard. Jane and Fred Peters greeted him with a smile, but the school teacher was still out cold.

"Is she dead?" asked the conductor falling upon his knees and holding the light close to the girl's face.

"Dead? Hell, no," said Peters "She's not unconscious. She started to scream and Jane, here, had to pet quiet."

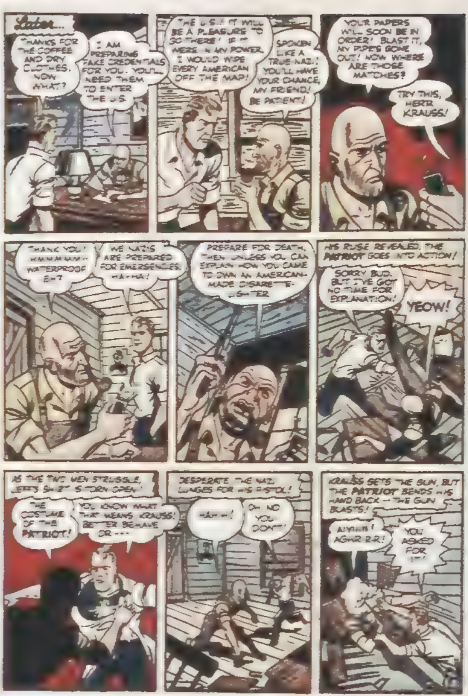
THE END

PATRIOT
MUST HAVE BEEN THE ICE CREAM AND PICKLES

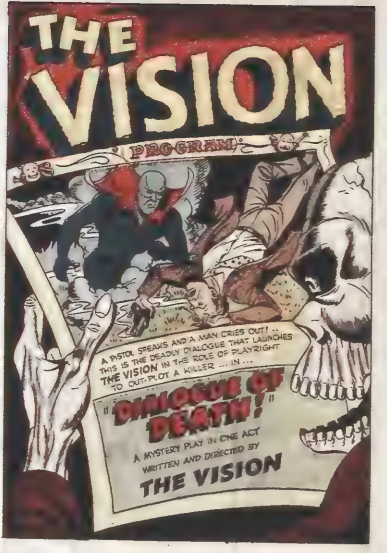
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A CANADIAN PRISON CAMP...
ANOTHER PRISONER FROM ENGLAND SIR - LIEUTENANT CARL MUELLER!
THE FAMOUS NAZI ACE
HELLO MUELLER I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE
KEEP YOUR ADVICE, HERR COMMANDANT I TAKE MY ORDERS FROM THE FUEHRER
BUT AS THE PRISONER IS LED OUT HE EXCHANGES A WINK WITH THE COMMANDANT. MUELLER IS NONE OTHER THAN---
TAKE HIM AWAY
COME ALONG RAT
-- JEFF ALIAS THE PATRIOT!
HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS
HEIL HITLER!
AS JEFF IS LED INTO THE PRISON BARRACKS HE GETS HEILS GOEBBELS HIMSELF
NONE O' THAT AROUND HERE LIEUTENANT CARL MUELLER YOU AIN'T IN GERMANY!
YEOW
CANADIAN SWINE SOME DAY YOU WILL LICK MY BOOTS
NERTS
WELL DONE LIEUTENANT
JUST WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT OF A DARING ACE LIKE CARL MUELLER
6

A SMOKE? OH — I UNDERSTAND HERR HOPE.
FURTIVELY JEFF UNROLLS THE CIGARETTE ...
A MAP OF THE PRISON CAMP! BUT—BUT IT'S ESCAPE PROOF!
LAKE
SUDDENLY JEFF DISCOVERS THE CAMP HAS GUESTS ...
NO, BUT WE MAY SOON!
THAT NIGHT OFF THE CANADIAN COAST A PLANE IS CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF A U-BOAT!
THE PLANE SOARS UP TO THE STRATOSPHERE ...
WHILE A LONE WATCHER WAITS ...

And so Jeff alias Mueller alias The Patriot, dives into the lake
If I had Sub-Mariner's lungs I wouldn't need a helmet but then old fish-puss hasn't got my brains
But the pipe does end— some distance outside the prison camp
First station reached in the underground railroad second stop is the farm of a pro-Nazi named Krauss
When the door opens
the coffee


Later...
THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND DRY CLOTHES. NOW WHAT?
I AM PREPARING FAKE CREDENTIALS FOR YOU. YOU'LL NEED THEM TO ENTER THE U.S.
THE U.S.! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO GO THERE! IF IT WERE IN MY POWER, I WOULD WIPE EVERY AMERICAN OFF THE MAP!
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE NAZI! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND! BE PATIENT!
YOUR PAPERS WILL SOON BE IN ORDER! BLAST IT, MY PIPE'S GONE OUT! NOW WHERE ARE THOSE MATCHES?
TRY THIS, HERR KRAUSS!
THANK YOU! HMMMMM— WATERPROOF EH?
WE NAZIS ARE PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES. HA-HA!
PREPARE FOR DEATH, THEN! UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU CAME TO OWN AN AMERICAN-MADE CIGARETTE-LIGHTER
HIS RUSE REVEALED, THE PATRIOT GOES INTO ACTION!
SORRY BUD, BUT I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR EXPLANATION!
YEOW!
AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE, JEFF'S SHIRT IS TORN OPEN!
THE COSTUME OF THE PATRIOT!
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS KRAUSS! BETTER BEHAVE OR ---
DESPERATE, THE NAZI LUNGES FOR HIS PISTOL!
HAH—!
OH NO YOU DON'T
KRAUSS GETS THE GUN, BUT THE PATRIOT BENDS HIS HAND BACK -- THE GUN BLASTS!
AIYHH! AGHR-R-R!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!

AFTER SMASHING THE MUNITIONS OF THE DEAD NAZI, THE PATRIOT BOARDS A TRAIN...
NOW, ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE IN ISRAELOSS'S DIARY, MY NEXT STOP IS NEW YORK!
MEANWHILE, IN A DOWNTOWN NEW YORK OFFICE...
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! THE MESSAGE SMUGGLED OUT FROM HOFF SAID MUELLER WOULD ARRIVE AT 6 P.M. HE'S AN HOUR LATE!
GIVE HIM TIME, BOSS! PERHAPS THE AMERICAN TRAINS ARE NOT AS PUNCTUAL AS OURS!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A FLURRY OF SHIFTING FEET...
THE PATRIOT!
SORRY I'M LATE! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!
THE PATRIOT BECOMES A STREAK OF RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE LIGHTNING!
OOOFF!
YEOW-W!
GET TOGETHER, BOYS! YOU'RE TWO OF A KIND!
WOW, AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE UNDERGROUND RAIL ROAD, YOU CAN SURELY ME WITH THE NAMES OF NAZI FLIERS PLANTED IN OUR PLANE FACTORIES! SPILL 'EM, CHILLY!
THE LIST IS IN THE WALL SAFE. I GAVE YOU THE COMBINATION!
LATER...
LONG DISTANCE? I WANT TO MAKE A PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL TO A REPORTER NAMED CASEY, HOTEL MORRIS, KINDSPORT — COLLECT! REVERSE THE CHARGES!
WHAT? THE WHOLE SHOOTING PIPE BLOWED UP? NICE WORK! THANKS FOR THE WARN, PATRIOT! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
REUNION IN NEW YORK...
I GO ALL THE WAY TO CANADA AND PATRIOT SCOOPS ME IN NEW YORK! AND TO TOP IT OFF, HE MAKES A LONG DISTANCE COLLECT!
CHEAP SKATE, SAY!
I WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, CHIEF, IF YOU STARTED PAYING HIM!

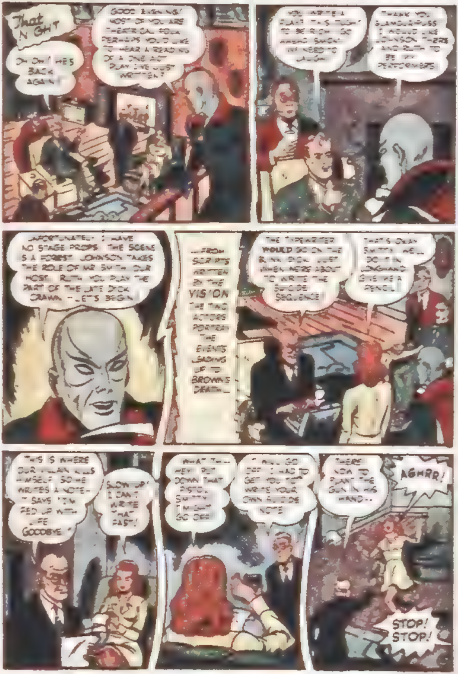

THE VISION
PROGRAM
A PISTOL SPEAKS AND A MAN CRIES OUT!
THIS IS THE DEADLY DIALOGUE THAT LAUNCHES
THE VISION IN THE ROLE OF PLAYRIGHT
TO OUT-PLOT A KILLER ... IN ...
"DIALOGUE OF DEATH!"
A MYSTERY PLAY IN ONE ACT
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
THE VISION

THE MOUNTAIN HUNTING LODGE OF HORACE J. SMITH, PLAYWRIGHT...
I FEAR I'M A POOR HOST, FOLKS. BUT DICK AND I MUST LEAVE YOU ... WHY NOT GO FOR A HIKE OR SOMETHING WHILE WE POUND OUT OUR LATEST OPUS!
GO TO IT, SMITTY. WE MAY BE HAM ACTORS BUT WE'RE SWELL MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS!
LEAVING HIS GUESTS, SMITH AND HIS COLLABORATOR FIND A QUIET SPOT IN THE WOODS ...
BLUE SKY— THE SCENT OF PINES — THIS PLACE IS IDEAL, SMITTY!
SAVE THAT LINE FOR OUR PLAY, DICK! — LET'S SEE... WE'RE IN ACT II ...
TWO PLAYWRIGHTS ... IN THE THROES OF INSPIRATION! ...
... AT THIS POINT THE VILLAIN GRABS HER. SHE SAYS, "HANDS OFF!"
RIGHT! THEN HE LEANS TOWARD HER WITH A SMILE AND SAYS "RUTH, I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO —
WHILE THE AUTHORS TOIL, THE GUESTS HIKE ...
NOW WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED TO PRENTISS?
BEING THE STAR OF THE LATEST BROADWAY HIT, HE PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT TO TRAIL ALONG WITH US SPEAR-CARRIERS!
THE SUN SETS, THE NOISE OF TYPING CEASES. SUDDENLY THE MOUNTAINS RE-ECHO TWO SOUNDS —A PISTOL SHOT AND THE CRY OF A MAN IN MORTAL PAIN!
BANG!
AI-YHII!
FROM A THICKET RACES PRENTISS! ...
SMITTY! JOHNSON! RUTH! C'MERE! QUICK! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
SMITH JOINS PRENTISS WHO POINTS AT SOMETHING ON THE GRASS ...
DICK CRAWN ... DEAD! ... I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE WORKING TOGETHER!
WE STOPPED AN HOUR AGO. WHILE I BROUGHT THE TYPEWRITER BACK TO THE LODGE, HE WENT FOR A WALK. POOR DICK!

SOME EVIL TOOK PLACE HERE, OR I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SUMMONED! RICHARD CRAWN WAS MURDERED!
LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR CASE OF SUICIDE!
WHAT TH--! LOOK WHAT'S RISING FROM THE GUN -- SMOKE!
HERE'S THE NOTE I FOUND NEAR THE BODY. IT'S IN DICK'S HANDWRITING! IT SAYS, "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE! GOODBYE!"
THAT'S RIGHT!
I STILL INSIST IT'S MURDER!
WHO CARES WHAT YOU INSIST? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY? A SECOND-RATE MAGICIAN ON THE BUM, NO DOUBT!
I AM THE VISION, ENEMY OF EVIL!
YEAH? THEN I'M J. EDGAR HOOVER OF THE F.B.I.-- THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! SO SCRAM BEFORE YOU GET TOSSED OUT.
TOSSED OUT BY YOU -- AND WHAT ARMY?
I'LL DO IT ALONE, SMOKE FACE! YEOW! MY HAND!
HURT YOURSELF?
PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU FORGET THE PAIN!
AGHRR!
AND NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE. I HOPE YOU PEOPLE AREN'T AS SKEPTICAL AS MR PRENTISS!
WELL, I'LL BE--! HE'S DISAPPEARING IN THE SMOKE OF YOUR CIGARETTE JOHNSON!
HUH?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT HIT ME, JOHNSON? THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT WHATEVER HE IS, HE'LL BE BACK! SO BE GOOD, PRENTISS!

PRIZE TO HIS PROWESS, THE VISION RETURNS!
THE LOOK IS DESERTED. THEY'VE PROBABLY ALL GONE TO THE DOORKEEPER'S AQUEST — WHICH PERMITS ME TO WORK UNDISTURBED!
A SEARCH WARRANT SET WHEN YOUR DEALING WITH MURDER YOU DON'T BOTHER WITH TRIVIAL CAUTIOUS!
WHAT'S THIS? A WAD OF PAPER — BURNT TO A CRISP!
FORTUNATELY SCIENCE HAS A WAY OF DEALING WITH THEM SCORCHED PAPER! A SPRAY OF SILVER NITRATE!...
—AND WORDS APPEAR... INTERESTING WORDS... WORDS THAT MEANT DEATH TO THE MAN THEY WROTE THEM!
AH— JUST WHAT I WANT! A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER...
IT DOESN'T WORK! WHY? A PART'S MISSING! MAYBE IT DROPPED ON THE FLOOR!
WHAT LUCK! NOW TO WRITE MY MASTERPIECE!
THE PROBLEM WILL HAVE SHAKESPEARE TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE! BUT I'VE A HAND-CRANKED ELECTRIC CHAIR!
AND SO THE VISION TAKES THE EXTRAORDINARY STEP IN HIS CAREER— THE ROLE OF A PLAYWRIGHT!!

SCENARIO OF DEATH AND DUPLICITY, A CORONER'S JURY RETURNS A VERDICT...
IN OUR OPINION CORONER, RICHARD DRAWN COMMITTED SUICIDE
VERY WELL THE CASE IS CLOSED!
WELL, JOHNSON, THAT'S OVER WITH AN EXCELLENT VERDICT
I'M NOT SO SURE PRENTISS AFTER ALL WHY SHOULD A HEALTHY SUCCESSFUL MAN LIKE DICK TAKE HIS OWN LIFE?
YOU'RE LETTING THAT MAGICIAN PULL A SMOKE-SCREEN OVER YOUR BRAIN SNAP OUT OF IT JOHNSON
HE'S NO MAGICIAN HE'S THE VISION I'M SURE OF IT!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE PEOPLE APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR IN SMOKE IN THIS DAY AND AGE? GROW UP THAT FAIRY TALE STUFF IS FOR KIDS
MAYBE YOU'D RATHER WE BELIEVED THAT DICK KILLED HIMSELF EH?
IF YOU'RE IMPLYING THAT I KILLED HIM RUTH...
PRENTISS STOP!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL DICK'S DEATH HAS PUT US ALL ON EDGE NOW SHAKE HANDS AND FORGET IT
OKAY! SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER RUTH!
SKIP IT PRENTISS!
SMITH'S GUESTS RETURN TO THE LODGE...
NO MATTER WHAT PRENTISS SAYS I'M CONVINCED THE VISION IS RIGHT!
I'M GLAD SOMEONE HAS FAITH IN ME
JOHNSON... WHO'S THAT?
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOLKS! I HAVE A PLAY-- BUT NO ACTORS! IF YOU'LL OBLIGE ME PERHAPS WE'LL TRAP A MURDERER!
THE-- THE VISION!


That NIGHT
OH OH! HE'S BACK AGAIN!
GOOD EVENING! MOST OF YOU ARE THEATRICAL FOLK. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR A READING OF A ONE ACT PLAY I'VE JUST WRITTEN?
THANK YOU, GLAMOURPUSS. I WOULD LIKE JOHNSON THERE AND RUTH TO BE MY PERFORMERS!
UNFORTUNATELY I HAVE NO STAGE PROPS. THE SCENE IS A FOREST. JOHNSON TAKES THE ROLE OF MR SMITH, OUR HOST. RUTH, YOU PLAY THE PART OF THE LATE DICK CRAWN -- LET'S BEGIN
...FROM SCRIPTS WRITTEN BY THE VISION THE TWO ACTORS PORTRAY THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO BROWN'S DEATH...
THE TYPEWRITER WOULD GO ON THE BLINK, DICK, JUST WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO WRITE THE SUICIDE SEQUENCE!
THAT'S OKAY SMITTY. WE'LL DO IT IN LONGHAND. GIVE ME A PENCIL.
THIS IS WHERE OUR VILLAIN KILLS HIMSELF, SO HE WRITES A NOTE -- IT SAYS "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE. GOODBYE."
SLOW UP! I CAN'T WRITE THAT FAST!
WHAT THE -- HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL, SMITTY. IT MIGHT GO OFF!
IT WILL GO OFF! I HAD TO GET YOU TO WRITE YOUR OWN SUICIDE NOTE
THERE! NOW TO PLANT THE GUN IN HIS HAND--
AGHRR!
STOP! STOP!

SO THE VISION WAS RIGHT YOU SHOT YOUR OWN COLLABORATOR
HERE'S WHERE THE VISION BECOMES A GHOST
BANG
BAM
RECOVERING FROM THE STUNNING BLOW SMITH TAKES TO HIS HEELS!
YOU'RE ONLY WASTING ENERGY SMITH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
RACING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM, SMITH SUDDENLY STUMBLES AND FALLS OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE
HE DID GET AWAY - BUT HE'S THE LOSER
LATER...
GREED FOR POWER - GREED FOR MONEY - IT'S ALWAYS GREED THAT DRIVES MEN LIKE SMITH TO THEIR DOOM!
LET'S DRIVE HITLER TO HIS DOOM — BE READY! BUY LOTS OF WAR STAMPS!
THE VISION WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

Terry Vance
SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH!
CASE of THE FAT MAN'S FOLLY!
SMELLS LIKE CHLORINE GAS
NEAR THE SHIP YARDS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, TERRY, HIS MONK DR WATSON AND HIS PAL HEADLINE DAWSON SEARCH FOR A "SCOOP" ON THE SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WHEN SUDDENLY A GREEN MIST FILLS THE AIR!
LOOK!
MURDER?
A CORPSE

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT
I'M GOING TO GET THE POLICE TERRY!
CHLORINE GAS!
MEANWHILE — TERRY STUDIES THE CORPSE.
DEADLINE'S BACK WITH THE COPS
IN HERE OFFICER
LEAD ON
STEP ASIDE SON!
HEY
?
GREAT SCOTT THIS IS SERIOUS!
GIT! OUTSIDE! SCRAM YOU KIDS
CALM DOWN A SEC. DEADLINE! I THINK I KNOW SOME OF THE ANSWERS —

WHAT GIVES TERRY?
YES I'M ALL EARS
WELL FIRST OF ALL THE G-MAN'S CLOTHES WERE DISCOLORED AND CHLORINE
RIGHT! EVIDENTLY THE G-MAN MUST HAVE BEEN NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE GAS WAS PREPARED
BUT WHERE TERRY - WHERE WAS IT PREPARED?
NONSENSE! THERE'S NO QUARRY AROUND HERE
NO-BUT THERE IS A GRANITE PULVERIZING OUTFIT RIGHT HERE NEAR THE SHIPYARDS
BUT FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE SHIPYARDS STEPS ANOTHER FIGURE
BUT THEY WON'T LIKE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT

UGH!
CRACK
BANG!
BANG!
SAFE!

OUR FRIENDS ARE SWEPT INTO A HUGE TANK
BETTER DUCK
INSIDE SWINE
SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE SOON YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW OUR SECRET!
YOU ARE NOT IN A GRANITE PULVERIZING FACTORY BUT IN A COMPLETELY SELF-SUFFICIENT POISON-GAS ARSENAL
IF HE BACKS UP JUST A LITTLE MORE!
YOUR G-MAN ALMOST DISCOVERED US — BUT NOW HE'S DEAD! AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT MY WORKERS ARE READY TO FILL THE SHIPYARDS WITH POISON GAS
NO SABOTAGE TODAY MISTER
GIVE HIM A GOOD BATH TERRY

LET'S GET THIS HALF DROWNED RAT OUT OF THIS TANK
AND NOW WE GOT TO STOP THAT GAS ATTACK
YES, BUT HOW?
REMEMBER ... SAID THE GAS WAS DISCHARGED THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK WELL LET'S GO
THAT'S GOOD!
HERE'S THE SMOKESTACK TERRY
LET'S DO OUR STUFF!

MEANWHILE IN THE FACTORY...
BUT...
THE GAS! IT IS NOT GOING THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THE DOORS ARE LOCKED
NOT THIS ONE!
AH - FRESH AIR! DON'T SHOOT!
MONKEY TRICKS
CHK-CHK! GRRRR!
LATER...
TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS.
WHERE IS YOUR LEADER?
WHY DIDN'T THE CHLORINE GO OUT THE CHIMNEY?
HA-HA THAT ANSWERS BOTH YOUR QUESTIONS
GET ME OUT OF HERE!
THANKS TO YOU KIDS OUR SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WAS SAVED FROM A DEADLY ATTACK!
THIS COUNTRY HAS NO ROOM FOR SABOTEURS!
TERRY VANCE
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT
MARVEL COMICS!
★ ★ ★
MEANWHILE, DR WATSON SAYS: "LET'S MAKE MONKEYS OUT OF THE JAPS!---BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS TODAY"

The ANGEL
SOLVES THE CASE OF
"The MISSING FISHERMEN"
WITH FURY IN THEIR HEARTS, CERTAIN OF MOTHER NATURE'S MISTAKES, THEY PLOT AN AMAZING REVENGE... AND THE ANGEL LASHES OUT AGAINST ALMOST INVULNERABLE FOES!

AS A PALE WINTRY NOON SHINES DOWN ON THE TWIN LAKES OF CONNECTICUT, A LONE FISHERMAN REACHES FOR HIS ROD...
I GOTTA WISH THEY'LL BE RUNS PLENTY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.
LOTS OF FRESH FOLK HAVE DISAPPEARED AROUND HERE LATELY, BUT THAT DON'T SCARE ME NONE.
HA! WE'LL BE THE NEXT!
SUDDENLY...
AAAAAAH!
EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY THE FAMILY OF THE MAN, RUSH TO TWIN LAKES AND DISCOVER THE BOAT...
EMPTY!
JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, CHIEF?
YEAH!
COME! MY BROTHERS AND I NEED YOU! HA-HAHA!
BET THE NETS, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO DREDGE THE LAKE FOR HIS BODY.
COMING UP, CHIEF!
THIS MAKES THE TENTH FISHERMAN THAT DISAPPEARED IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! WHY--HE AIN'T GOT A CLUE TO WORK ON!
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, THE ANGEL PICKS UP THE NEWS ON HIS PRIVATE CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE TELETYPE SYSTEM...
NO CLUES, EH? WELL, TWIN LAKES, HERE I COME!

AFTER A SWIFT PLANE TRIP TO THE CANAAN AIRPORT, THE ANGEL RACES TOWARD TWIN LAKES IN A SPEEDY CAR...
NO LUCK, CHIEF! THEY AIN'T IN THE LAKE!
GOSH! IF THEY DIDN'T DROWN, WHERE ARE THEY?
FIRST I'LL EXPLORE THE SHORE AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! - AND I DON'T MEAN THE LAKE EITHER!
STILL DREDGING FOR BODIES! FUNNY FOR POOR PEOPLE TO DISAPPEAR SO FREQUENTLY!
MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!
JUMPING JUPITER! WHAT AN EERIE-LOOKING OLD HOUSE! - AND WHAT A PERFECT REFLECTION IN THE WATER!
-GUESS I'LL GO IN AND GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER!
I'VE SEARCHED THIS PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND I'D BET A PENNY NOBODY'S BEEN HERE FOR YEARS!
AS HE LEAVES...
AM I DREAMING? - OR DID I SEE PART OF THE REFLECTION MOVE?

WHILE HE BENDS OVER AND PEEPS MORE CLOSELY ---
HA-HA! SO THE FAMOUS ANGEL HAS COME TO FIND OUT WHY THE FISHERMEN DISAPPEARED!
NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE BETTER!
WHAT THE--?
THE FISH-LIKE GIANT POUNCES UPON THE SURPRISED ANGEL!
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE THE SUB-MARINER!
ULP!
YOU LOOK MIGHTY FISHY TO ME!
OOF!
THE STRANGE CREATURE SOON DRAGS THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS ANGEL TO AN UNDERWATER DOOR...
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BROTHER!

UNCONSCIOUS, THE ANGEL IS BROUGHT INTO THE SKY UNDERWATER "REFLECTION" OF THE HOUSE ABOVE...
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BROTHER!
IT'S THE ANGEL!- WONDERFUL!
NOW WE HAVE ENOUGH! WE WILL REVIVE HIM AND THROW HIM IN WITH THE OTHERS!
STILL WEAK, THE ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED INTO A STRANGE PRISON...
YOU WANTED TO FIND THE MISSING FISHERMEN? NO, SNOOP! WELL, HERE THEY ARE!
YOU MEAN, MOST OF THEM, EH, BROTHER?
UH!- AN UNDERWATER PRISON!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?
NO, ALL I KNOW IS THAT I NEED US GOOD AS PLENTY!
A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO, THEY TOOK ONE OF US- AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM BACK!
SHH! SOMEONE IS COMING TO THE DOOR!
FEIGNING WEAKNESS, THE ANGEL DROPS TO THE MUSTY FLOOR...
HERE, DRINK THIS! IT WILL MAKE YOU STRONG SO THAT YOU CAN DO US GOOD!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
SUDDENLY...
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU, FISH HEAD!

WITH BIG-LEAGUE SWIFTNESS THE ANGEL CATCHES THE FALLING TRAY!
LET ME SERVE YOU!—
THIS!
CRASH!
WITH THE WHIZZING SPEED OF A CRASHING THUNDERBOLT THE ANGEL RUSHES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!
NOW TO FIND THAT FISHY LOOKING DOCTOR AND HIS SCALY PALS
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE UNDERWATER DWELLING, A STRANGELY MORBID SCENE IS ENACTED!
I WILL CONTINUE THE OPERATION!
LOOK BROTHER!
I'VE GOT REAL HUMAN SKIN ON ME AT LAST! —IT'S WONDERFUL!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FISHERMEN TO GRAFT SKIN FOR ALL OF US - BROTHERS!
AND THE FAMOUS ANGEL IS NEXT! THAT'S THE ONE WHOSE SKIN I WANT!
YES! HE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE UNDERWATER REFLECTION! WE CAN USE HIM FOR OUR OWN GOOD— AND KILL HIM AT THE SAME TIME! HA-HA!

GO GET THE ANGEL! THIS GUY DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE'D LAST MUCH LONGER!
IT'S A PLEASURE, BROTHER.
BUT AS HE OPENS THE DOOR A FAMILIAR FIGURE, CHARGED WITH FURY, SUDDENLY APPEARS...
WHAT--?
LOOKING FOR ME?
HERE'S SOME SKIN FOR YOUR JAW!
THE ANGEL! GET HIM!
NOW YOU'LL GET YOURS, DOC!
OOOF!
WE'VE GOT YOU, ANGEL!
THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH OF DEMONS
THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT OF THE POWERFUL GIANTS TELLS ON THE ANGEL, AND SOON...
YES BROTHER!
WHAT'S THIS BROTHER BUSINESS?

AND MOMENTS LATER...
YOU'VE HAD MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAN ANY OTHER MAN ON EARTH BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS -- YOUR LAST!
HE DOESN'T ACT AS IF HE'S KIDDING, EITHER!
"THROUGH SOME QUIRK OF HEREDITY MY BROTHERS AND I WERE BORN WITH SCALES ON OUR BODIES!
"AS WE GREW UP OTHER CHILDREN SHUNNED US. WE WERE MISERABLE ALL THE TIME . . ."
HEY, WHATCHA DOING OUT OF WATER? HA-HA-HA!
HE-HE LOOK AT THE FISH BOYS!
"WHEN WE WERE MEN THE ONLY WORK WE COULD GET WAS AS SIDE-SHOW FREAKS IN FRONT OF JEERING CROWDS."
MEET MOTHER NATURE'S MOST AMAZING MISTAKE -- THE FISH BROTHERS EQUALLY AT HOME UNDERWATER OR ON LAND -- BLAH -- BLAH --
"IN DESPERATION WE DREW LOTS -- AND I WAS CHOSEN TO STUDY MEDICINE IN MY SPARE TIME IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO GRAFT HUMAN SKIN ONTO MY BROTHERS."
-- SKIN CAN BE TRANSPLANTED BY ---
"BECAUSE WE COULD BREATHE UNDERWATER, WE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BUILDING THE REFLECTION OF THE HOUSE ABOVE AND KIDNAPPING THE FISHERMEN."
NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US UNDER WATER, BROTHERS
NOW THAT YOU KNOW OUR STORY YOU SHALL DIE -- BUT NOT BEFORE YOU'VE HELPED US LIVE BY GIVING US YOUR SKIN! HA-HA-HA!

WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING GLEAM IN HIS EYES THE "DOCTOR" BRINGS THE RAZOR-EDGED SCALPEL TOWARD THE HELPLESS ANGEL...
FIRST WE'LL CUT A LITTLE SKIN OFF HIS NECK — AND THEN —
AND THEN IT'S GOOD-BYE TO THE ANGEL HA-HA!
I'LL WEAR THE ANGEL'S NECK ON MY ARM— FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE HO-HO!
IF IT WERE UP TO ME YOU'D WEAR MY FINGERPRINTS ON YOUR JAW!
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE STRANGE FREAKS, THE ANGEL HAS "GONE TO WORK" ON HIS LEG BINDINGS...
HOLD HIS SHOULDERS DOWN
I'VE GOT HIS ARMS
BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY LEGS!
ULP!
AS A DOCTOR YOU'RE A GOOD FOOTBALL
COMPLETING A PERFECT SOMERSAULT, THE ANGEL LANDS ON HIS FEET— AND WITH A POWERFUL TWIST, BREAKS HIS WRIST ROPES
THERE! I CAN USE MY HANDS ON YOU!
I'VE DONE LOTS OF THINGS WITH FISH BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER JUMPED ON ONE!
9

BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE CHOPPED HERRING!
OWW!
THWK
UNNOTICED, THE SLIMY FISH-DOCTOR PICKS UP THE DEADLY REAGENT!
I'LL PUT AN END TO THE ANGEL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BUT THE ANGEL SWIRLS LIKE A WHIRLWIND...
PARDON ME, WHILE I MOVE THE OPERATING TABLE!
THEY'RE OUT COLD, THE PRETTY QUADRUPLETS! I'D BETTER TIE UP AND THE COPS'LL HAVE TO BREAK THEIR WAY IN—THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE ABOVE!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHAT A FINE KETTLE OF FISH!
I'LL BE BEAK OF FISHERMAN, CHIEF!
DON'T THANK US! BETTER THANK THE ANGEL!
YEH, BUT WHERE IS HE?
AS THE GRATEFUL CAPTIVES LEAVE THE SQUARE OF THE REFLECTION," THEY SEE...
...THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL PROTECTOR OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILL PACKED STORY

Tops!
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